The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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COBB & MEAD,

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JUSTUS COBB, RUFUS MEAD

TERMS

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DR. JENNINGS

Would take this method to inform the public, that he has concluded to make this place his residence, and would here express his gratitude to his numerous patrons in this, as well as the surrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their patronage.

Dr. JENNINGS, would inform his patrons that he has again taken rooms at the Addison House, where he will give his undivided attention to all who give him a call.

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Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856 32:1y

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Middlebury, Jan. 1, 1858. 37

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TAILOR,

Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.

Cutting done to suit customers.

WANTED—a good Journeyman.

Middlebury, Oct. 16 1856 26;tf

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F. H. MARTI"

Williamstown, Vt 21:tf

SHEET MUSIC and Musical Works, received monthly from O. Ditson & PARKER

POETRY.

I would not Live Alway.

BY REV. DR. MUHLENBERG.

Our readers will thank us for a copy of the beautiful hymn, under the above title, by Dr Muhlenberg. A number of hymn books contain what purport to be a copy of this hymn, but it usually appears in a mutilated form

I would not live always—live always below!
O no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home
Like a spirit enblest, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live always—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live always—thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears,
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live always—no, welcome the tomb,
Immortality's lamp burns there bright mid the gloom;
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head;
O! soft be my slumbers on that holy bed,
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on mine ear:
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
O! give me, O! give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above:
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstacy bid earth adieu evermore.

Angelia and her friend have long since gone where they will no more be separated, but these exquisite lines are here for the first time published.

LINES BY ANGELINE R. BENTON TO HER FRIEND.

I love thee dearest Mary!
When gentle breezes sweetly play
Their farewell to the closing day
When twilight silence all profound,
And twilight shadows fling around;
When distant notes from hearded throng
Blend with the streams their vesper song
Oh! then, if thou art sad and lone
Hear thy Angelia's soothing tone
I love thee, dearest Mary!

When morning birds and fragrant dew
Another busy day renew;
When morning sky's serenely bright,
Reflect on earth their purest light;
When morning flowers to rain and air
Their little chalices unbare,
And all is fresh and calm and still,
And *ardent thoughts thy bosom fill*,
Oh! then, if thou art sad and lone,
Hear thy Angelia's soothing tone
I love thee, dearest Mary!

When pleasure's streams run clear and high,
And bright its waves before thee lie;
When numerous joys around thee flow,
And friends their kindest smiles bestow;
When o'er thy charmed, thy raptured soul
The sweetest sounds in transport roll
Then, heeded, hear Angelia's song
Borne on the dewy gale along
I love thee, dearest Mary!

But should misfortune's icy grasp
In its cold arms my Mary clasp,
And, with its wild, its chilling breath,
Sweep o'er thy form its blasts of death:
Should thou, dear friend, become a prey
To sorrow's sad unfeeling sway;
If paths of woe thy feet shall track,
And deepest grief thy bosom rack;
Then let thy burdened spirit rise
Above the bright, the fair, blue skies,
To Him who yields that peace alone,
The grief-bound soul can call its own.
Remember too—Angelia's soul,
Though widest seas between us roll,
Will never from its instinct swerve,
Faithful at friendship's shrine to serve
Whatever paths thy feet pursue,
Think of that soul as ever true
Wherever it shall find a home,
Let thither thy loved spirit roam.
My kindest wishes on thee rest;
Thy life with purest joys be blest:
And while I say this last adieu!
Let me the darling theme renew,
I love thee, dearest Mary!

—"I love to look upon a young man—There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments, exactly, papa—all but the pains."

—"Pompy," said a good natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day, you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey, "I knowed it at de time."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"She has Outlived her Usefulness."

Not long since, a good-looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for 'the minister.' When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied; 'I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him.'

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, 'You have met with a bad loss.'

'Well—yes,' replied the strong man, with hesitancy, 'a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother has outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There was seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger: for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." The cruel, heartless word rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the year of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares.—Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love.—Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love and cares, and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during three long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.—Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than be invited, from house to house.—Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness; she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating thro' our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," Eighty-nine!—There she now lies in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequitted love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in an irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scriptures expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of His tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she has passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and till health and vigor left her she lived for you her descendants."

"You, who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring, on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doings you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say, in the presence of your family nor of heaven, 'Our mother has outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor toil worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.

HOW TO CUT GLASS WITH A PIECE OF IRON.—Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface,) then take a common spike or some similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness and apply it to the edge of the glass; draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the clink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be reheated as often as the crevice in the glass cases to flow.—*Scientific American.*

—"Madam," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy and uniformly good child." The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then replied, simply and beautifully, "Why, heaven has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

Sut Lovengood's Shirt.

BY S——L, OF TENN.

The first person I met was "Sut," (after crossing the Hiwassee) "waving and moving along" in his usual rambling; uncertain gait; his appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a free fight, or was just outgrowing one of his big drunks. But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's wrong now?"

"Heap's wrong; durn my skin if I ain't most ded. Lite off that hoss, George, an' take a horn, while I take two, (shaking that everlasting flask of his at me) an' plant yerself on that ar log, an' I'll tell ye ef I ken, but it's most beyond tellin'. I reckon I'm the durndest fool out en Utaw scept my dad, for he acted hoss, an' I haint dun that yet; allers in some trap that wudent ketch a sheep. I'll drown myself sum day, see if I don't, just to stop a family dispersion to make d—d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut, have you been beat playing cards, or drinking, which is it?"

"Nara one; that can't be did in these parts; but I swar I'm shamed—sick—sorry,—and mad, I am.

"Ye know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin, on the mountain, and pays fur sich as I gits, when I hev money, an' when I havent any, why, he takes one-third outen me in cussin; and she, that's his wife Bets, takes out tother two-thirds with the battlin stick, and intrust with her tongue, and the intrust's more'n prin'l—a heap more. She's the cussedes' omen I ever seed eny how, for jaw, breeden' and pride. She can scold a blister onto a bull's face, rite on the curl, in two minits. She outbreeds everything on the river—and paterns arter ev'ry fashion she hears tell on, from bussels to briches. Oh! she's one on 'em, and sometimes she's two or three. Well ye see, I got some hum-made cotton truck to make a new shirt outen, and coaxed Bets to make it, and about the time it were dun, here come lawyer Johnson along and axed for breakfast—I wish it had pizened him, durn his hide, and I wonder it didn't, for she cooks awful mixings when she tries. I'm pizen proof, myself," (holding up his flask and peeping through it) "or I'd been ded long ago.

"Well, while he were a eaten, she spied out that his shirt was stiff and mity slick; so she never rested till she wormed it outen him that a preparation of flour did it; and she got a few particulars about the proceedings outen him by 'omen's arts—I don't know how she did it, perhaps he does. Arter he left she set in and biled a big pot of paste, nigh onto a peck of it, and soused in my shirt and let soak awhile, and then she tuck it and ironed it out flat and dry and sot it up on it's aidge agin the cabin in the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hide, and it rattled like a sheet of iron, it did. It were pasted together all over. When I cum to dinner nothin' wud do but I must put it on. Well, Bets and me got the thing open arter some hard work, she pulling at one of the tails and me at tother, and I got into it. Durn the everlasting new fangled shirt, I say. I felt like I had crawled into an old bee gum and hit full of ants; but it were like lawyer Johnson's shirt, and I stud it like a man, and went to work to build Bets a ash hopper. I worked powerful hard and swet like a hoss, and when the shirt got wet it quit its hurtin'.

"Arter I got dun I took about four fingers of red hed, and crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snuze.

"Well, when I waked up I thought I was ded, had the cholery, for all the joints I could move war my ankles, wrists, knees—couldn't even move my head, and scarcely wink my eyes—the cussed shirt was pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint of the tails to the pint of the broadax collar over my years. It sot to me as close as a poor cow does to her hide in March. I squirmed and strained till I sorter got it broke at the shoulders and elbows, and then I dun the durndest foolish thing ever did in these mountains. I shuffled my briches off and tore loose from my hide about two inches of the tail around, in much pain and tribulation. Oh! but it did hurt! Then I took up a plank outen the loft and hung my legs down through the hole and nailed the aidge of the front tail to the floor before me, and the hind tail I nailed to the plank wot I sot on.—I unbottened the collar and risbands, raised my hands away above my head, shut up my eyes, said grace and jumped through to the ground floor."

Here Sut remarked, sadly:

"George, I'm a darnder fool than ever dad was, hoss, hornets, and all. I'll drown myself sum of these days, see if I don't."

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I——t-h-i-n-k——it——d—j—d. I hearn a noise sorter like taring a shingle off ov a house at onst and I felt like my bones were all that reached the floor. I staggered to my feet and took a look at my shirt. The nails had all hilt there holt, and ther it were hanging arms down, inside out, and as stiff as ever.—It looked like the map of Mexico just arter one of the first battles—a patch ov my hide about the size of a dollar and a half bill, here; a bunch of my hair, about the size of a birds nest thar; then some more skin; then some paste: then a little bar; then skin and so all over the darned, new fangled, everlasting, infernal cuss of a shirt. It was a picture to look at—*and so was I.* The hide, har and paste were about equally devided atween me and hit. Wonder what Bets, durn her, thort when she cum home and found me missing. Spects she thinks I crawled into a thicket and died of my wounds. It must have skared her for I tell you it looked like the skin of some wild beast torn off alike, or a bag that had carried a load ov fresh beef from a shooting match.

"Now, George, if ever I ketch that lawyer Johnson out I'll shoot him, and if ever a 'omen talks about flat'nin' a shert for me agin, durn my everlastin' picture of I don't flatten her. It's ritribution. Do you remember my drivin' of dad through that hornet's nest, and then racing of him into the kreek?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is what comes of it. I'll drown myself some of these days, see if I don't—ef I don't die from that awful shirt. Take a horn, and dont you try a sticky shert as long as you live."

Reminiscenses of the Plains—The sand Hills of the Platte.

We never shall forget the Platte river sand hills on the east of the Rocky Mountains. No one who has crossed the Plains has ever failed to see them, and whoever has seen them once will never forget them. They are the most magnificent sight presented on the whole journey from the Atlantic States to California. They seem at times, as you approach them at a distance, like fairy-built cities dropped from the heavens into the broad illimitable expanse of the plains beneath. They look again like the white monuments of an immense graveyard, in which might repose the buried generations of a former age. Here and there one stands isolated from the rest, like "Chimney Rock," or the "Court-House," all the more striking for its loneliness. They assume different shapes from different points of observation. Now, they look like a mighty temple of the olden time—columned, arched, and fretted, as if by a master architect. Again, they bear the appearance of a stern old fortress, frowning on the plain below, and built to be impregnable. Again, you see a counter-part of the Chinese wall, hemming in a vast extent of country, and presenting what would indeed be an impassable barrier to marching hosts. Here and there arises, vast, rugged and sublime, a tower that looks like the unfinished Babel on the plains of Shinar. The illustration is most complete, and for miles upon miles it continues, ever varying and ever beautiful.

This variety of forms, so attractive and suggestive, is produced by the action of the rains and storms, which are known to be most violent and terrific in that region. Nature, in her wild and angry mood, is the architect who builds those mysterious cities and wonderful temples, towers and battlements. In the storm, and not the sunshine, she hews out her majestic forms and figures from the pliant hills. "In thunder, lightning, and in rain," she does her work, and the storm king slumbers in the palaces she builds, or wreathes his lightnings, like very serpents, around their trembling tolumns. She destroys, too, as she builds. When the rains come and the floods descend, many a house that she has built stands not, for it is "founded upon the sand"—nay, is of sand itself. She struck the shaft of "Chimney Rock," (which she had worked years upon years, like a patient sculptor, to finish,) with a bolt of lightning, and the half of it fell from the heaven which it courted, and crumbled into dust at its base. Great must have been the fall thereof, for it was a majestic column—majestic even in its ruin. She is now doing her best to tear down her "Court-House," and her grand building, in imitation of the Federal Capitol at Washington. After a while she may level them, but they are of pretty solid sandstone, and it will take her as long to tear them down as it did to build them up, though she can and does deface them horribly. [These hills, according to Stansbury, show strata of clay sandstone, and silicious limestone.]

All over the more prominent of these grand memorials of the action of the elements—these landmarks of geological history—the emigrants to California have inscribed their names from 1838–9 downwards. Among them are a few that are known to fame. The possessors of many of them now lie moldering in the mountains of California or sleeping their last sleep in its green and smiling valleys. The possessors of others are back in their old homes, on the shores of the Atlantic, or the borders of the western prairies, thinking, it may be, at this moment, of the sand hills of the Platte, far away, and their names written on the white and barren rocks. The emigrant reads them, and the wild Indian wonders what may be the meaning of the inscription, imagining, perhaps, some mysterious connection with his own sad destiny. The possessors of others again, we know, are living in peace and plenty in their new-built homes on the Pacific. Strange have been the adventures of all those wanderers, and full of interest are their memories of the past.—*California Express.*

ARTESIAN WELLS—SOURCE OF THE WATER.—Various conjectures have been made as to the source of the water which comes from the artesian wells. It was long believed that the water of the sea must necessarily penetrate, by infiltration, into the interior of the continent, and at length form large bodies of subterranean waters, which, except for capillary influences would not rise above the general level of the ocean. Another was that the subterranean water from which the sources of rivers and springs are supplied, is the product of condensation of aqueous vapors ascending from the interior parts of the earth, in consequence of the central heat. But these hypotheses are purely visionary. The simplest and most natural explanation is, that the water of ordinary wells, of artesion fountains and rivers, is supplied by the rains which fall on the surface at a higher elevation, and which penetrate through the pores and fissures of the ground, till they meet with some impermeable stratum, or are collected in subterranean reservoirs. It has been objected that springs are sometimes situated on or near the summits of mountains, which could not be supplied in this way, but on attentive examination of all the circumstances—that is to say, on measuring accurately the extent of surface at a greater elevation than the spring, and comparing it with the quantity of rain that falls annually in the same climate, it has been found, in every instance, that the aqueous deposition from the atmosphere greatly exceeds the supply from the springs. It is computed that not more than a third part of the rain which falls in the valley of the Seine is conveyed to the sea by the river.

A NEW SECT.—A new *sect* called "Restitutionism," has recently sprung up in Worcester and some other places. The Restitutionists believe that what man lost in the fall, is now beginning to be restored, and that the germ now confined to their own small number, is yet to bud and flourish, till it covers the earth. They believe that everything is to come back to its original form and purity. Their Sabbath, therefore, occurs on Saturday, as the original day of worship; and their meetings are held Friday evening because it is Sunday eve. They only use the Lord's prayer, as that alone can have efficacy with the Father. To them—or three of them at least—is committed the apostolic gift of tongues, and they also claim prophetical powers.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following was taken from Sir Humphry Davy's Salmodia:

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of assent to paradise; and above all earthly combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay annihilation and dispair."

—A Detroit paper mentions the arrest of a woman in that city, "with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a daguerrotype." Rather a "poetical" and "picturesque" costume.